

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
 Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, July 23, 1803.

Romance of the Four Dervishes.

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"FLY, O tear!" I exclaimed, 'nor mistake the way to her presence:

"Go, O eye! and bring me from her a tender look;

"Alas! that I am so far distant from her abode!

"I am become wasted as a hair by grief for her absence."

"When I at last reached the province, I was in such a condition that my hair reached to my middle; and my body was so reduced by fatigue, that it resembled a reed. Having arrived in the city, I immediately began to run through all the different quarters of the town in search of that inestimable jewel; but in no place could I discover any traces of her: night and day the smoke of my heart rose to the heavens, and I thus exclaimed:

"The desire of beholding my beloved kills me:

"With a heart full of sorrow, and eyes full of tears, it kills me.

"Grief fiercely assails me, I feel that it kills me.

"The vexation of my absence from the banquet of my beloved kills me:

"Every hour, a hundred times it kills me:

"I know not in the day how often it kills me.

"In the night, the thoughts of my miserable days kill me:

"In the day, the thoughts of my gloomy nights kill me.

"O! cloud of the spring, weep in pity for my woes!

"For now grief on account of that rose kills me.

"It said, with a hundred cruelties I shall kill you.

"Long it lingers; by keeping me in expectation it kills me."

"During the space of one year did I continue my search incessantly to find out the princess, reduced to the most wretched condition, and disgusted with life and the unremitting persecution of fortune. One night, in the excess of my grief, I threw myself on the ground, and giving full vent to my sorrows, I offered my prayers to Heaven until morning to bless me with success. At sun-rise I arose, and going to the market-place, I saw the people flying in the utmost confusion, and clambering upon the tops of the houses, so that in a short time the whole square was left empty. Suddenly I heard like the roaring of a lion, and immediately a young man fierce as a tyger and raging like a leopard, his face brilliant as the sun, his beard of pure musk, graceful in stature like the cypress, his eyes resembling goblets full of blood, his hair waving in the wind like the leaves of the willow, having a lion's skin cast over his shoulders, a girdle set with gems about his waist, a turban of gold stuff twisted around his head, a sharp sabre hanging from his thigh, foaming at the mouth with rage, and wielding a massy scimeter in his hand, rushed forward from one side, roaring like a devouring torrent. Two young slaves about fourteen years of age, with countenances fair as the moon, overwhelmed in a profusion of precious stones followed him, carrying a coffin covered with cloth of gold. When they came to the middle of the square they placed it on the ground by a signal from the young man, who throwing himself with a loud

scream upon the lid, uttered such piteous groans and lamentations, the tears bursting from his eyes like rain from the vernal clouds, that the people began to be violently agitated, and some to that degree, that they showed by their frantic gestures they were deprived of their senses. At last, rising up, he ran three times around it, beating his breast, and raving like a madman, and then set forward, the slaves again taking it up, and following him.

"Dervishes sympathy has a more powerful effect upon a heart that has known distress, as the lamp which is yet smoking sooner catches fire. I became at once distracted by the words and actions of that unhappy youth. After suffering much anxiety, the saying of the wise man came into my head, that what prudence cannot effect is sometimes accomplished by madness. 'It is evident,' I said to myself, 'that without the aid of some one I shall never succeed in my pursuit; and howsoever much I have already wandered about, I have as yet found none able to point me out the right path. I should, therefore have recourse to this madman, that, perhaps, by his means I may discover that precious jewel; and the evening of grief be succeeded by the morning of joy.' With this determination I was preparing to follow him, when the people observing my motions, caught hold of my garments, and attempted to dissuade me from my purpose, saying, 'Oh! rash, inconsiderate stranger; are you wearied of life that you are rushing to your own destruction. I paid no attention to their words, and struggled to disengage myself, but they secured me in such a manner I found it impossible. Luckily, one person among them, who himself had been a victim to misfortune, took my part, and said, 'When a madman, my friends, sees a madman, he becomes happy;

leave this insane. I left to himself, and rend not his heart with fruitless advice.' The people perceiving their words made no impression upon me, quitted their hold, and I instantly hastened forward to overtake him. Every one who saw me thus pursuing whom all the rest endeavoured to avoid, could not help expressing the sorrow they felt for my unhappy condition. The youth, who altho' he heard them, never looked behind him, at last reached a lofty wall, and entered by a gate. I remained at the outside, in a state of suspense, until a young slave appeared, and desired me to come in. Offering up my grateful thanks to God, I entered, and beheld a magnificent building, surrounded by extensive and beautiful gardens, and the young man sitting by the foot of a throne, upon which stood the coffin, with a candle of camphire burning by its side. In his hand he still held the massy cimeter, his head sunk on his breast as if he was deeply lost in thought. Upon approaching him, I made a salaam, and was beginning to relate my misfortunes, when he sprung from his seat, exclaiming, 'Madman, what has induced you to lay your head at my feet?' and with these words he raised his cimeter in the air. Resigning myself to my fate, I bent my neck submissively to the stroke, and said, 'Young man, I esteem death as the greatest favour, for I have long lost all relish for life.' Hearing this, he threw the sword from his hand, but gave me such a blow that I fainted with the pain. Upon recovering, I found myself lying at his feet; I arose, and respectfully sat down at some distance. Again he frowned upon me, and said, 'Senseless wretch, what malady possesses you, that the reigns of prudence have dropped from your hand? and what dreadful misfortunes have you suffered, that you are disgusted with life, and seek an end to your existence? for never has one escaped alive from me but yourself, who have clung to my garment, and submitted to my will. Now tell me the strict truth, for I have had compassion upon you.'—'Generous youth,' I replied, 'I know nothing but to weep:' and here a flood of tears burst with such violence from my eyes, that it drew tears from his own. When he had composed himself, he said, 'Enough; heart-afflicted young man, tell me now your history: now I take God to witness, that I shall do my utmost to forward your desires, and shall never shut an eye until I accomplish what the duties of friendship require, upon this sole condition, that you speak the truth, and conceal nothing. I then informed him who I was, and what I had seen and heard of the beauty and

good qualities of that European idol. The youth having considered with himself some time, raised his head, and said, 'Almighty God! of what dire misfortunes has this woman been the cause! that noble youth, whose ashes are of more value than all her and her father's blood, has, as well as many others, been unjustly forced to swallow the deadly poison of the tyrant on her account. O! young man, it was I who pierced the vizier's heart with my arrow; and in this coffin lie the remains of the murdered prince. I was his tutor; and upon the consummation of his unhappy fate, I became for a time so distracted with grief, that I wandered like a madman about the market-place, with my head and feet uncovered. The princess having reflected deeply on what had passed, and stung with remorse, abjured the religion of idolaters, and embraced the tenets of the true faith. On this account I had compassion upon her, but the others, who were instrumental in his death, I sacrificed to my resentment, save the king, who, having apparently shown the signs of sorrow, I molested not; and from that day till now, once a month, I cause the coffin, containing the prince's body, to be carried through the principal streets and market-place, renewing my lamentations for his loss, so that the people consider me as deprived of reason, for they well know that I never fail to punish the idolaters and unbelievers who fall in my way. I am convinced you have told me the truth; and since you have suffered so much for that unhappy beauty, and thrown yourself upon my protection, I shall introduce you to her presence, which is in no one's power but my own, upon this condition, that you have sufficient command over your passions, to refrain from showing any emotion the first sight of her may cause, for, if you disobey these orders, that instant I cut you in two.'—'Alas!' exclaimed I, 'how can you require such hard conditions as these from a distracted lover?' He smiled, and said, that I must submit. Next morning, at sun-rise, that noble youth having given me a suit of clothes, and ordered me to take one end of the coffin, whilst a slave took the other, we set out, and walked a long way, till we came to the door of a garden, around which several people were standing. At sight of him they all fled, and we entered the garden, and came to a lake in the middle, at the four extremities of which grew several large poplar trees. He made us a sign to put the coffin down, and retire; then giving a dreadful shout, he burst into a flood of tears, like the shower of the new spring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE LAWYERS.

THE lawyers are, or at least ought to be, according to the duties of their profession, the most honourable persons in a country. They are those to whom the friendless fly for salutary advice; and in whom the poor, the widow, and the orphan, expect to find a counsellor who will direct them in what manner to proceed, in order to obtain justice against a litigious debtor, a fraudulent executor, or an unjust guardian. How happens it then, that they should condescend to be guilty of so many acts for which they are justly reproached? We know that, instead of defending, they often plead against, and instead of supporting they oppress those who stand in need of assistance: by these means they have, generally speaking, incurred the contempt of the honest and upright, who justly consider them, with a few exceptions, as the bane of society.—By their artifice and cunning, they not only extort large sums from the rich, but also take unreasonable fees from the poor, who are scarcely able to maintain themselves. The following comparison of a judicious author serves fully to illustrate this—"It happens to those who are obliged to apply to them, as to the sheep, who to shelter themselves from a storm, run under the bushes; they find some covering for a time; but when they wish to come off, they must leave the best of their wool behind them." To what can the quirks, equivocations and prevarications, they use in the practice of their profession, be compared, better than to thorn bushes, in which the sheep not only lose their wool, but often even their blood? With what else can we compare their sophistical reasoning and false conclusions, by which they paint the blackest causes in the most favourable light, and thereby attempt to bias the minds both of the judge and jury?

There have been frequent instances of persons having been dragged about, many years at court, and during the time their cause remained undecided, were obliged (if they wished any success) to be at the expence of feeing their lawyers every court; and at last, when their cause was brought to an issue, have gained no advantage; but, on the contrary, many have been ruined.

The only honest and upright lawyer I ever read of, was Gabriel Mudzus. During the reign of Charles the Fifth, he was employed in pleading the causes of many wealthy and powerful princes. Though great offers were made him, to induce him to plead certain causes; yet we do not find that

he accepted them, because he conceived it to be an heinous crime, to defend or support injustice, for the sake of "filthy lucre." Heaven grant that every lawyer may follow his example!

JUSTITIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[It was the intention of the editor, not to publish any thing further at present upon the controversy treated of in the subsequent communication. But the writer has taken up the subject in so serious a point of view, and thrown in such a portion of useful information, that he did not think himself justifiable in withholding it from his readers.]

TO THE MISOGAMIST.

SIR,

YOUR remonstrance against the Proclamation of MORALITY, assuredly entitles you to an answer. You have produced Scripture to corroborate your opinions, and have censured where you think censure is due;—in these particulars, you have certainly acted as every man possessed of a liberal enquiring mind ought. You appear to be in search of truth; for you have had recourse to the Sacred Volume, to which I presume you would not dare to refer, unless you firmly believed the truth of the propositions you have advanced; I shall therefore give you a serious answer.

Observations on the Remonstrance.

YOUR first sentence is very unhappily constructed: I would amend it thus—"I have always been one of your majesty's most loyal subjects, and have never intentionally violated any of your laws, but ever yielded to them the most implicit obedience; nevertheless, the edict published on the 9th of July, 1803, is not only prejudicial to myself, but to most of your majesty's subjects." Of this I shall take notice hereafter. Remonstrance, part 1st.

You object against the following—"Any person or persons who shall write, publish, or present for publication, any essay, &c. containing any propositions contrary to the known principles of civilized society, shall," &c. "This," you say, "I would construe as a prohibition to writing, or publishing any new discovery, thought, or idea." Would you, indeed? I hope, Sir, you will not; for if you do, without a doubt the construction will be a bad one! Know, Sir, that the generally received principles of civilized society, are the principles of morality, and the principles of morality are most elegantly abridged in the Ten Commands, and the edict has no more to do with inventions and discoveries, than you have to do with the world of the moon; but if you publish any proposition

contrary to the principles of morality, then you justly incur the penalty.

You say, and truly too, "the conditions in life are various; what is prejudicial to one person, may be beneficial to another." This is also true in a certain sense; but applying it to the subject under consideration, it is absolutely false. We are considering the principles generally received in civilized society, every one of which is beneficial to all, and hurtful to none. I know the swindler fills his pockets by his neighbour's ruin; but I cannot entertain such a degrading opinion of you, Sir, as to think you had this in view.

Your observations on the second sections are few, but still deserving of notice. You confess you have read over the author's recommended; yet you are still charged with what is said reading them over will erase. In this remark you have again misconstrued the Proclamation, by substituting *will* in the place of *may*. The words of the Proclamation are, "*may* be erased for ever;" you substitute, "*will* be erased for ever;" is this fairly done? You must know, that *may* shews only the possibility of doing an action; whilst *will* unconditionally foretells. I would caution you, Sir, for the future, to be more exact. But you acknowledge you have not been benefited; take the reason in part from the following anecdote:—I knew a madman, whose observations were by times remarkably shrewd; being once in a company in which I was present, the conversation turned on going to church; said one, I intend to go no more, for I have gone and gone, I know not how many years, and never found myself better or wiser for it. And don't you know the reason? said the madman. Not I, replied the other. Well I will tell you—the word preached did not profit, not being mixed with faith in you who heard it. In like manner, you or I may read author after author, without improvement, if we do not enter into the author's spirit: his purity of principles, his chasteness of diction, and his perspicuity of arrangement, on the inattentive reader, are all lost. But the censure in the Proclamation in this place I would not have applied to you, for as far as my memory serves me, I think your language was not very censurable; unless conscience, who is a good judge, charged you with ignorance—then indeed it might apply.

I pass your observations on the third section as of no consequence, and proceed to the consideration of your second proposition. The part of the Proclamation in which you are concerned, contains against

you the following charge, viz. That you, Misogamist and Philo-Misogamist, have uttered and published evil principles, having a tendency to thwart the judgment, and destroy social happiness. To this charge you plead *not guilty*: you ought therefore to have a fair and impartial trial.

In this trial the following propositions will be considered: 1st. Is marriage an ordinance of God?—2d. Is it necessary for the happiness of society?—3d. Would it be better for the individual to live in a state of celibacy than matrimony?

From the opinion I have of your abilities, I am induced to think you will answer the first proposition in the affirmative. If the Bible be true, you cannot deny it; it was the first institution of Deity; and it is also worthy of remark, that Christ honoured it by working his first miracle, to render those joyful and merry who were present at the celebration of a marriage. God in this institution, gave to man an help-meet for him. He said, It is not good that the man should be alone. You say it is good, and that happiness is only found in celibacy. God designed woman for the happiness of man. You say they bring only (in that state which is ordained of God) "wretchedness and misery;" and that it is an hell upon earth. Was it therefore a false accusation to say, that you disseminated evil principles when you thus spoke of God's ordinance? What do you mean when you say there is no happiness to be expected in a connection so intimate as marriage with such fiends? What kind of connection do you allude to? Speak out, and then we will be able to meet you; but remember, you have declared, that you have never intentionally violated any of the laws of morality.

Proposition 2d. Is it necessary for the happiness of society?—Not only is it necessary for the happiness, but for the very existence of society. If celibacy, of which you are such an admirer, were to prevail over the world, in a few years man would cease to be: hence society exists in a union of the sexes; and hence also result the endearing names of husband and wife, father and mother, son and daughter; by it happiness exists in families, and families form societies, in which there seems to be as it were but one mind. My good sir, provided you could engage all men to join with you, what new scheme would you invent to preserve the species in existence? You have blamed that which is of divine origin, from whence yours can be deduced is not easily known.

Proposition 3d. Would it be better for the individual to live in a state of celibacy?

than matrimony?—If we ask this question at mankind, and deduce the answer from their practice in all ages, the answer will be in favour of matrimony; the contrary state hath been pronounced by God, not good, and ignorant man, of conceited wisdom arrogantly vain, dares to contradict the Divine expression!!! But ignorance may cavil and say, it was good then, but it is not good now. Let such know, the institutions of God are not like the institutions of man, that serve for a little, are found faulty, and then rejected: they are the results of Infinite Wisdom, which views the past as if now, and the future as having already been. We still find the same proportion holds good between the sexes, there being about 13 males born to 12 females; so that the same blessing is still given, and the same command still in force.

Surely you, Sir, cannot seriously hold the opinion that all intercourse between the sexes should end.—If your objections be against marriage only, you must either embrace the doctrine of the Nicolaitans, or set up the seraglios of the east, and be an absolute monarch over degraded slaves.

But you have also found the way to cite Scripture, which we believe to be the word of God, to speak in direct contradiction to the ordinance of God!—Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. The chapter to which you refer, is the 7th of 1st Corinthians. It is necessary to view it accurately, and perhaps thereby we may form a correct judgment. It appears plainly to be an answer to a letter which the Corinthians had sent to the apostle, on several cases of conscience. Among the Christian converts were some found, who, like you, Sir, spoke against marriage: the Gnostics maintained that it was from the devil, and you call it a hell upon earth, so that you are not very far apart. The first verse of this chapter appears to me not well translated—(*it is*) is not in the original. “Now concerning the things of which you wrote unto me,—good for a man not to touch a woman*,” is the translation. The view I have of this verse is, that the latter clause is their question, viz. *Is it good for a man not to touch a woman, (or not to marry?)* “To this question, (continues the apostle,) I answer, on

* *ἀγγίζω* is from the verb *αγγίζω* and is translated *tangere, invadere, capessere, appropinquare et uxorem ducere, it should have been translated with the negative adverb μὴ not to marry.*

account of fornication, (that is, that so you may avoid fornication,) let every man have his own wife, and every wife her own proper husband.” The word *proper*, or *fit*, is left out by our translators, certainly it ought to have been given, as it greatly strengthens the argument against polygamy. There is but one argument can be urged against my translation, that is, the stops; but to that I pay little attention, as every critic well knows, that the manuscripts are not stopped; hence the learned have stopped them for themselves.

The apostle goes on explaining his views carefully, lest he should place a stumbling-block in the way of the weak brother. The meaning I think is evident,—thus: “But in these advices concerning marriage, I would not have you think that I place them before you as absolute commands, which I have received. I speak only, by permission, my own judgment; for indeed, considering the condition of the world at present, and the fluctuating state of things here below, (see verses 29, 30, 31) I would be rejoiced that each of you, married or unmarried, (see verse 27) were as contented in your situation as I am in mine: yet if you still wish me to give a more direct opinion, (verses 26 & 40) I suppose, (and I think my opinion is correct) that considering the present distressed state of the Christian converts, and the severe trials that are soon to come on this part of the world, it would be better for those who have received that proper gift, not to engage in the bonds of matrimony. But still let it be remembered, that this is always optional with you; for if any of you marry, sin is not committed, because marriage is the ordinance of God; and if for the present any of you choose not to marry, sin is not contracted, if the person so doing is able to live contented in that situation. The conclusion of the whole matter is in my opinion this, he who marrieth doth well, because he fulfils the command of God; but he who is able to govern himself, and from a consideration of the perilous times in which we stand, abstains from marriage, that so more freely he may dedicate himself to the service of God, doth better.” I sincerely believe that this paraphrase speaks the true meaning of these verses. The other cases of conscience on which the judgment of the apostle was requested, do not concern us at present; but this in my opinion is so pointedly against your doctrine, that I could almost refer to yourself to draw the conclusion. You certainly must only

† *ἰδίοις.*

be playing with words, when you make the apostle wish that all men were as he was, that is, unmarried. Paul, say you, was unmarried, therefore, &c. If, as I, must be explained by such syllogisms, take the following:—Paul was said to be little more than four feet high, therefore he wished all men to be no higher. You answer, that could not be the meaning, for he is speaking of marriage. True, but your explanation embraces a much greater absurdity; for you make the inspired apostle to wish for that, which if granted, would destroy the established order of Providence, and quickly turn this world into a wilderness.

Your other observations are in my opinion of little consequence; every person must judge for himself whether or no the texts cited are in point; nor would I have so closely examined your production and references, were it not that this chapter has so often been quoted, without considering its true import.

In all your productions, Sir, I have considered you as arguing for the purpose of leading to a rational investigation, that so the truth of the contrary opinion should be clearly established. You have not been answered in that way, and perhaps for that purpose, this may also fail; but if I be mistaken, and you really believe what you assert, you must, to establish your opinion, prove, 1st. That marriage is not the ordinance of God; 2dly, That it is not advantageous to civil society, and consequently, that the world would be better without it; 3dly, That although God designed women for help-meets to men, yet HE WAS MISTAKEN*, for they are fiends, and a connection with them is hell upon earth;—and lastly, as you have referred to Scripture, by Scripture you must prove the truth of these propositions.

Thus wishing you, Sir, and all your friends, sound minds in sound bodies, I remain, your's, DEFENDANT.

* *Abiit blasphemia!*

The Contemplator, No. 10.

Durata, et voluit rebus servare secundis.

VIRGIL.

.....In struggling with misfortune,

Lies the true proof of virtue.....

SHAKESPEARE.

AS our joys are so few, and the miseries and misfortunes incident to life so numerous, no virtue is more necessary to render life agreeable than Fortitude. It is that virtue which of all others attracts admira-

tion and esteem; it is that virtue which to its possessor is invaluable. It is invaluable, because it gains him that peace which we all know is not easily attained by human efforts. It gains him peace, because it enables him to view the fairest picture of life, to place every thing in the most attracting colours; and indeed he who views the dark side only, sees but a gloomy prospect? He who is possessed of a disposition which enables him to bear misfortune and success with equanimity, will find that he has that which essentially contributes to happiness. Numbers there are who suffer their minds to be agitated by the numerous little cross occurrences which we daily experience; and though they be of never so trifling a nature, yet they will make them unhappy, and spread a gloom around them. Imaginary evils, too, as often as real ones, afflict them, and they feel as much from their pressure. How unhappy a disposition (and alas! how common) is this, where not only the most trifling accidents are construed as great evils, but where others are built up which have no existence but in imagination!

On men of this description, misfortunes of a serious nature fall with the greater force; and they who perhaps have felt for, and assisted others in distress, themselves sink beneath its weight. They have perhaps given consolation to others, but are incapable of receiving its balm. Characters of this kind show the striking difference between precept and example. Numbers of them will moralize like philosophers, they will tell you, that as "man who is born of a woman, is born to trouble," we ought to suffer with resignation; but when it becomes necessary for them to exercise their philosophy, alas! they are unable, their souls are taken possession of by

"Grim-visag'd, comfortless despair."

A fine instance of this kind of character is given by Fielding, in his novel of Joseph Andrews.—Parson Adams was discoursing with Joseph, and told him that "when any accident threatens us, we are not to despair, nor when it overtakes us, to grieve; but that we must submit in all things to the will of Providence." In the midst of his harangue, a person came to inform him that his youngest son was drowned: here was a fine time for him to put in practice his precepts; but how different were his actions from his advice! "He raved, he stamped about the room, and lamented his loss with the greatest agony;" Joseph endeavoured to comfort him, in which attempt he used many arguments which he had remembered in the parson's own dis-

courses; but in vain—"Had it (said he) been any other of my children (this was his favourite) I could have borne it with patience." How many characters are there in this respect like parson Adams, who when assailed by any particular affliction, will say, "any thing but this I could have endured."

How admirable appears the opposite character! when contrasted with this, how truly great!—Trifling accidents are passed over and forgotten; those of a serious nature are endured with resignation. The man of fortitude is calculated to pass thro' life with peace to himself; he finds that "Virtue soars above what the world calls misfortune and affliction;" he enjoys all that happiness which can here be enjoyed. The evils and difficulties which he may have to encounter, though of the severest kind, and such as to others would be insurmountable, yet to him, comparatively speaking, they are light. With him "Hope travels through," she never forsakes him; and though the gloom thickens around him, he endures and lives for better times; he knows that

Fortune sometimes assumes a rugged brow,
But to endear her smiles, and make the turn
More welcome to us, as 'tis unexpected.
How sweet is rest after a toilsome day!
How pleasant light after a length of darkness!
How relishing good fortune after ill.

HAVARD.

All who have written on Fortitude, have made it the subject of the greatest eulogy. "It is," says Locke, "the guard and support of the other virtues; and without it a man will scarce keep steady in his duty, and fill up the character of a truly worthy man."

PHILADELPHUS.

Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

[CONTINUED.]

ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

IT is true indeed, that they must share in the sorrows of others, as well as in their joys; but then this may often lead to the heavenly pleasure of relieving them, if not as fully as they could wish, yet at least in some degree; for true benevolence can discover numberless methods of relieving distress, which would escape the notice of the careless and insensible. When relief is not in their power, some expressions of kindness, and the appearance of a desire to give comfort and assistance, may at least contribute to soothe the wounded mind, and they

may still enjoy the pleasure which attends on every endeavour to do good, even tho' unsuccessful; and when they are placed beyond the reach of this, and can only offer up a secret prayer for those whose sufferings they cannot alleviate, even this will be attended with a heartfelt satisfaction, more than sufficient to suppress every wish that they could behold the sorrows of others with indifference, if it were possible that such a wish could ever arise, in a truly benevolent heart.

Such a disposition will be a powerful preservative against that weariness of mind, which is so often an attendant on what is generally esteemed a happy situation in this world.

Those who are freed from cares and anxieties, who are surrounded by all the means of enjoyment, and whose pleasures present themselves without being sought for, are often unhappy in the midst of all, merely because that activity of mind, in the proper exercise of which our happiness consists, has in them no object on which it may be employed. But when the heart is sincerely and affectionately interested for the good of others, a new scene of action is continually open, every moment may be employed in some pleasing and useful pursuit. New opportunities of doing good are continually presenting themselves; new schemes are formed and ardently pursued; and even when they do not succeed, tho' the disappointment may give pain, yet the pleasure of self-approbation will remain; and the pursuit will be remembered with satisfaction. The next opportunity which offers itself will be readily embraced, and will furnish a fresh supply of pleasures; such pleasures as are secure from that weariness and disgust, which sooner or later are the consequences of all such enjoyments as tend merely to gratify the selfish passions and inclinations, and which always attend on an inactive state of mind, from whatever cause it may proceed; whether it may be the effect of satiety or disappointment, of prosperity or despair.

Even in the most trifling scenes of common life, the truly benevolent may find many pleasures, which would pass unnoticed by others; and in a conversation, which to the thoughtless and inattentive would afford only a trifling amusement, or perhaps no amusement at all, they may find many subjects for pleasing and useful reflections, which may conduce both to their happiness and advantage; and that not only by being continually upon the watch for every opportunity of doing good to others, even in the most trifling instances, (which alone

would afford a constant source of pleasure) but also by the enjoyment of all the good they can observe in others.

If any action is related, or any expression dropped, which indicates true goodness of heart, they will be heard with satisfaction; the most trifling instance of kindness and attention will be received with a sort of pleasure of which the selfish can form no idea. Every appearance or description of innocent happiness will be enjoyed, every expression of real friendship and affection will be felt, even though they are not the objects of it.

In short, all the happiness, and all the virtues of others are sources of delight to them; and it is a pleasing, as well as useful exercise to the mind, to be employed, when engaged in society, in seeking out for these;—to trace to their spring the little expressions of benevolence which often pass unnoticed;—to discover real merit, thro' the veil which humility and modesty throw over it;—to admire true greatness of mind, even in the meanest situation in life, or when it exerts itself upon occasions supposed to be trifling, and therefore, in general, but little attended to.

In these, and in numberless instances of the same kind, much real pleasure might be found, which is too generally overlooked, and which might prove the source of many advantages, both to ourselves and others; for those who really enjoy the good of others, will certainly wish and endeavour to promote it. And by such exercises as these, the best affections of the heart are continually called forth to action, and the pleasures which they afford, may be enjoyed and improved in every different situation in life; for these are pleasures, which, more or less, are within the reach of all.

In these, the rich and prosperous may find that satisfaction which they have sought in vain in selfish gratifications; and the afflicted may yet enjoy that happiness which they are too apt to imagine is entirely lost:—but the selfish heart can neither enjoy prosperity, nor support affliction; it will be weary and dissatisfied in the first, and totally dejected in the last.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Small Talk,

NO. VII.

PHILOPEMEN,

The General of the Achæans, and the greatest soldier of his age, despising the vain pomp of a splendid equipage, usually wore a very plain dress, and went abroad

unattended by a servant. In this manner he once came to the house of a friend, who had invited him to dinner. The mistress of the family, not being personally acquainted with the General, took him for a servant, and desired him to give her his assistance in the kitchen. Philopemen, without ceremony, threw off his cloak, and began to cut wood as directed; the husband coming in at that moment, was surprised at the sight. "How now, lord Philopemen," says he, "what is the meaning of this?"—"Oh," answered the General, "I am only paying the forfeit of my bad looks." This said, he was proceeding with his task, but at his friend's earnest persuasion, he desisted.

[Plut. in bit. Philop.]

TO ANTHONY SYMPATHY.

SELWYN has the pleasure to inform ANTHONY SYMPATHY, that his card was perfectly satisfactory. When SELWYN saw the *Consolatory Address*, he thought it the production of one of his associates, (who by accident discovered the person using the signature of SELWYN;) under this impression he determined to "do his endeavour" to return the compliment, and having forced the muse to his assistance, he wrote a piece, noticing in it, in somewhat ambiguous terms, several little circumstances relating to the supposed author of the C. A. The note (which Anthony styles ungraceful) was only intended to explain some parts of the piece. The appearance of the note alone, and unattended, was awkward indeed, and highly displeasing to S.†

Nothing but an earnest desire of remaining unknown*, prevents S. from accepting A.'s invitation; but as to consolation, &c. A. may "throw it to the dogs," or reserve it until he finds some one more in need of it than S. who, by the bye, has been taught to "build castles in the air," and "wisely takes his happiness on trust." He is (in this way of thinking) more agreeably situated than when—

" Oft did his mind new fearful forms present,
" To kill his hopes and raise his discontent;
" When ardent love had more than eagles' eyes,
" To spy out sorrows, and o'erlook the joys."

NOTES.

* This desire may have a tendency to prevent Selwyn from scribbling any more, or at least make him take more precaution than heretofore.

† Highly displeasing to S.!] This reflection on the editor comes with an ill grace from Selwyn. Had no notice been taken of the communication of which the note here referred to formed a part, he might have justly complained of partiality: on the other hand, it must be evident to all the parties, and particularly to S. himself, that had the whole been published, it would have appeared much more awkward than the note alone, and, eventually, would have proved more highly displeasing to S.!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Friend of Novelty, to her dear friend,
Mr. Hogan, in haste.

SIR,

I AM a female, and am very fond of Plays, Tales, Romances, Novels, &c. I subscribed for the Repository, in hopes I should there obtain a fund of knowledge in that line. At first I found my hopes realised, but now the "Case is altered;" I see no tales of terror, or indeed any other tales; all the paper is occupied with the controversies of women-haters, such as the Young Bachelor, Misogamist, Philo-Misogamist, &c. &c. (to which you certainly know we have a great aversion) to the deprivation of "Henry, a Fragment," "Anna, a Tale," &c. who, you tell us "are under consideration!" Now, Mr. Hogan, my view in writing this is to induce you to give us a little more novelty; we are quite tired of controversies, and beg you will entertain us with a tale or fragment, as we poor females cannot do without something of the kind.—Had your correspondents been dilatory in that line, you would have been excusable; but as they are not, do give us some of those "Tales" which have remained so long "under consideration," and oblige

A FRIEND TO NOVELTY.

The Editor to his dear friend, The Friend of Novelty.

The Editor assures his dear friend, Miss NOVELTY, and all the Romantic Sisterhood, that it is his earnest wish, and shall be his constant endeavour, to please and entertain them, as far as a due regard to all the parts of his editorial duty will permit,—that he is not, any more than they, a friend to Misogamist, Philo-Misogamist, and the whole tribe of woman-haters—but that his only design in paying so much attention to these flourishing gentry, was to give them an opportunity of unfolding their pernicious principles, in order that the public might view them in their native deformity, and pass on them that indignant condemnation which they so justly merit. This object being accomplished, the "Case shall again be as it was," and thus his dear Miss Novelty's ground of complaint will consequently be done away. For these declarations, the female readers of the Repository will, it is hoped, give due credit to the editor; and spare him, in future, any very severe reflections for any apparent neglect or inattention to their gratification;—especially when they consider, that he must at times introduce something to keep the critics employed, who

delight in dry studies; as well as furnish a sufficiency of solid food for others, who, possessing strong digestive powers, cannot subsist on slender diet, and have little or no relish for "Tales of Terror," and histories of love-sick nymphs and swains. Miss Novelty may rest assured, that had the editor deemed "Anna, a tale," and "Henry, a fragment," to be sufficiently interesting, they should not have remained so long under consideration: He hopes, however, that in all these cases, his dear friend, Miss N. and all other dear friends, will be so kind as to permit him to exercise his own judgment,—as heretofore.

Office of the Repository,
July 22d, 1803.

Declaration of Mr. ERSKINE, in a speech on the rights of
Juries.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

"IT was the first command," said he, "and counsel of my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I hope the practice of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that the adherence to it has been even a temporal sacrifice; I have found it on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out to my children."

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 23, 1803.

*. * "The MAID of the GROVES," an Original Song, set to Music, by Mr. R. TAYLOR, it is expected will accompany next week's Repository.

AGRICULTURAL,

SPUR IN RYE.

Mr. DEANE, in the New-England Farmer, observes, that the grains of rye, which are affected with this noxious distemper, are thicker and longer than the sound ones, commonly projecting beyond their husk, and mostly crooked. They are dark coloured, have a rough surface, and appear furrowed from end to end. They are bitter to the taste; and will swim in water at first, and then sink to the bottom. But they are easily distinguished by their extraordinary bulk.

The peasants of Sologne, in France, it is said, sift out these grains, when corn is plenty; but in a time of scarcity, being loth to lose so much grain, they neglect it; and in consequence of such neglect, they are attacked with a dry gangrene, which mortifies the extreme parts of the body, so that they fall off almost without any pain.

In Duhamel's culture des Terres, it is remarked, "The Hotel Dieu, at Orleans, has had many of these miserable objects, (poisoned by spurred rye) who had not any thing more remaining than the bare trunk of the body, and yet lived in that condition several days.

"As it is not every year, (says Duhamel) that the spur in rye produces these dreadful accidents, Languis is of opinion, that there may be two kinds of this distemper, one which is not hurtful, and the other which occasions the gangrene. It is however probable, says he, that it is but one kind of spur, and that it does not hurt, when sufficient care is taken in sifting the grain, nor also, when only a small part of the grain is distempered."

[Bal.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

A discovery of considerable importance has been announced, with regard to the preservation of corn. To preserve rye, and secure it from insects and rats, nothing more is necessary than not to winnow it after it is threshed, and to stow it in the granaries mixed with the chaff. In this state it has been kept for more than three years, without experiencing the smallest alteration, and even without the necessity of being turned, to preserve it from humidity and fermentation. Rats and mice may be prevented from entering the barn, by putting some wild vine or hedge plants upon the heaps; the smell of this wood is so offensive to these animals, that they will not approach it. The experiment has not yet been made with wheat and other kind of grain, but they may probably be preserved in the chaff with equal advantage.

[Lon. Pap.

Extracted from a Letter of the Rev. Dr. Peters, of London, to the owners and keepers of Sheep in the U. States of America.

RECEIPT

For making an Uncion to destroy Ticks on Sheep.

TAK E one gallon of Tar, put it into an iron kettle, over a slow fire, until rendered liquid; then having 8 pounds of salt butter liquidated in another kettle, pour it gently into the tar-kettle, stirring them well together, leaving the salt of the butter at the bottom, then increase the fire, and make the tar and butter boil together, stirring them all the time; after boiling, pour it into any dish to cool. The next morning the uncion will be of a proper inspissation, and fit for use.

N. B. The next day after washing the sheep, they are sheared, and no ticks will appear until the wool becomes long in October, and incommoded by summer damps, and ill health, which are removed by a new sauing.

INTELLIGENCE.

ACCIDENT.

On the morning of the 17th inst. Mr. Anthony Penson, upholsterer, was drowned in the Delaware, near the Navy-yard. He was bathing; and inadvertently getting out of his depth, (being unable to swim) he sunk to the bottom before any assistance could be rendered. Mr. Penson was a native of France, and has resided in this city a number of years. He was about 26 years of age—exemplary in his conduct—active and industrious in the line of his profession—and his untimely fate is sincerely regretted by all who knew his worth.

Extract of a letter from Richmond, dated the 17th. inst.

"The famous JAMES THOMPSON CALLENDER made his exit this morning—whether by accident or design is uncertain. He was seen this morning much intoxica-

ted, and was found, shortly after, drowned in James river, opposite the town of Richmond.—The doctor tried every method to restore him to life—but all his efforts proved ineffectual."

We have had no rain for 40 days (says the Fredericktown Republican Gazette.) The kitchen gardens are burnt up, and scarcely a vegetable can be procured in Frederick, or for many miles round it. The crops of corn, it is feared, will be poor indeed.

We are informed by a Gentleman from Genesee, that no rain has been had there for ninety-one days.

NOTICE BIOGRAPHICAL.

MARMONTEL died at Gaillon, on the last day of the year 1799, having passed his 80th year. He was born in the little town of Bort, and pursued his studies at Toulouse, and went to Paris by the advice of Voltaire. He saw his benefactors and friends successively submit to death, Voltaire, Vauvenargues, Florian, &c. This age, celebrated by the elegant pens of Montesquieu, Buffon, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Voltaire, Thomas, and by the pleasing productions of Florian, Fallart, and Marmontel, closed with him.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 14th inst. by Joseph Cowperthwaite, esq. Mr. James Lowndes, of Richmond, Virginia, to Mrs. Ann Robinson, of this city.

—, on the 17th inst. near Germantown, by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. William Nantou, to Miss Ann Parkinson, both of this city.

—, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Joseph De Silva, late of Portugal, to Miss Letitia Case, of this city.

—, On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Jacob Sparks, of this City, to Miss Ann Fanning, of Southwark.

—, Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abercromble, Mr. John Morgan, Bookseller, to Miss Eliza Jones, daughter of Mr. Nathan Jones, all of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 27th of March, much lamented, at Villetre, in the territory of his holiness the Pope, at the early age of 18 years and 5 months, Mrs. Ruth M'Evers, wife of Mr. James M'Evers, of New-York, who, at the time, was travelling with her for the benefit of her health. Her remains were removed from Villetre, and buried at Rome, on the 29th March.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is perhaps difficult to write so as to afford entertainment to readers, on a subject so trite as the ladies' dress—Charles Cautious is advised to choose another subject.

The editor cannot say much in praise of Peter's verse; he however shall probably be gratified.

The Elucubrator, Nos. 1. & II.—L. X. Z.—and the second Letter of Edwin to his Sister, are received.

Several communications remain on file, which shall be brought forward in proper time.

In the account of a remarkable Petrification, copied from the Hudson Balance, into the 28th No. of the Repository, page 222, the word "brimstone" occurs in the 26th line, which ought to be read *limestone*.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CRAZY EDWARD.

ASK you, who climbs yon grey cliff's rugged height,
That o'er the green lake hangs in air;
Who heedless meets the tempest of the night,
And dares the lightning's angry glare?—
'Tis CRAZY EDWARD!—mark his hollow eye,
And mark his pale cheek, wan with woe;
And hear, oh hear his agonizing cry,—
"Deep, deep she sleeps in th' wave below!"

Poor Edward! once that eye beam'd love and truth,
Once smil'd that cheek in manly bloom;
But chilling sorrow met him in his youth,
And bitter was his early doom.
Sweet was the youthful ELLA, good and fair—
For her he felt th' extatic glow;
Fate turn'd his hopes to maniac despair,—
For ah! she sleeps in th' wave below!

The dawn their nuptial vows had heard them plight,
When Edward, with his lovely bride,
Seated within the barge, so gaily dight,
Blithe o'er the faithless waters glide.
Sudden the storm comes on!—The billows rise,
While o'er their heads the wild winds blow;
The light barge yields to the blast—vain Ella's cries!
Alas! she sinks in th' wave below!

And now he climbs yon grey cliff's rugged height,
That o'er the green lake hangs in air;
And heedless meets the tempest of the night,
And dares the lightning's angry glare.
Poor Crazy Edward!—mark his hollow eye,
And mark his pale cheek, wan with woe;
And hear, oh hear his agonizing cry,—
"Deep, deep she sleeps in th' wave below."

LINDOR.

ADVICE TO BELLES.

WHAT beau looks t'wards his happiness
Without eyes on the fair?
And is there ought bewitches him,
As your sweet bosoms bare?

No covering you could place thereon,
Nor silk, nor jewels rare,
Would form a sight so elegant
As your white bosoms bare.

In summer you put muslin on,
In winter, camel's hair;
But if you knew what pleas'd mankind
You'd keep your bosoms bare.

Your hands and faces are made proof
By custom, to cold air;
The same 'twould be if you should choose
To have your bosoms bare.

Why cover up your bosoms then,
When all the beaux declare,
You never so enchanting seem,
As when they are quite bare.

SENEX.

SELECTED.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

Attributed to the Hon. William Spencer.

WHY mourn ye! why strew ye those flow'rets around,
To yon new-sodded grave as your slow steps advance?
In yon new sodded grave (ever dear be the ground)
Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe?
No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on village mourners, my tears too shall flow
For the stranger ye lov'd, the poor exile of France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate,
Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew—in his straw-cover'd shed,
For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
Which he shar'd with the poor, tho' still poorer than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs which we thought were his last,
But he still had a prayer for his country and king.

Poor exile adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep—
From the feast, from the wake, from the village green
dance,
How oft shall we wander by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile of France.

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry impart,
One pang, as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,
One flower from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile of France.

TO AN OLD WIG.

HAIL thou! who liest so snug in this old box!
With sacred awe I bend before thy shrine!
O 'tis not clos'd with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine!

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days!
Well curled and powdered once it was thy lot,
To frequent balls, and masquerades, and plays,
And panorama's, and the Lord knows what!

O thou hast heard e'en Madam Mara sing,
And oft times visited my Lord Mayor's treat;
And once, at Court, was noticed by the King,
Thy form was so commodious, and so neat.

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our house-maid, Nan, who hates a
broom,
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,
Then hides thee, sily, in this lumber-room.

Such is the fate of wigs! and mortals too!
After a few more years than thine are past;
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a box at last!

Vain man! to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small's the difference 'twixt thee and a wig!
How small indeed, for speak the truth I must,
Wigs turn too dusters, and man turns to dust.

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIR, AT THAT.

A FAVORITE SONG.

BUT three months yet I've been a wife,
And spouse already shows his airs;
I wish I'd liv'd a single life.
But as I did not, why, who cares?
Besides, let husband use his tongue,
And scold, and bounce and cock his hat,
He'll quickly find I'm not so young,
But I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or where I will, and won't be check'd;
But keep it up both nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect.
And if he romps with, I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
And, faith, may find, and shall so too,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And let me sometimes have my will,
(Young wives you know most surely should)
I'll duly ev'ry rite fulfil,
And never, O! no never rove,
But stay with him at home and chat;
And prove by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper received at
the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price
6½ Cents each number, payable every four
weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay
in advance—Subscribers at a distance either
to pay in advance, or procure some responsi-
ble person in the city to become answerable
for the money, as it becomes due.